

# The Mirror

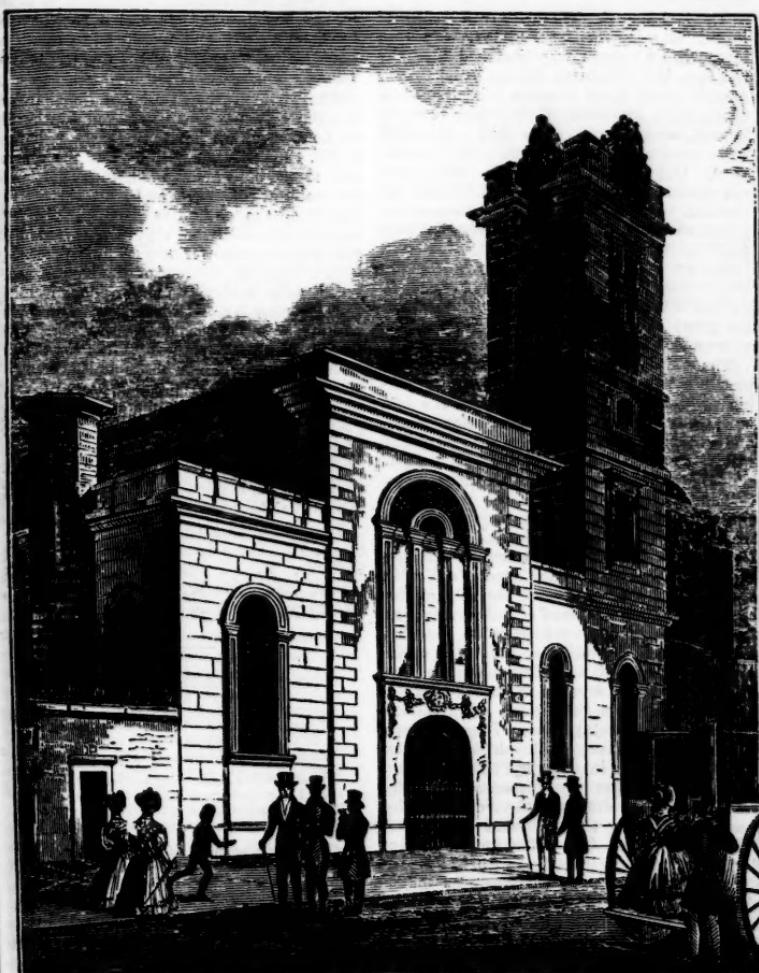
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1028.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.



EXTERIOR OF

THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW,

BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON.

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EXTERIOR OF THE  
CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

IN No. 1005 of the *Mirror*, is a view and description of the Interior of St. Bartholomew's Church; and, as the exterior of this sacred edifice will very shortly be taken down, it is presumed, a representation of such a memorable fabric, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

The last time divine service was performed in this church, was on Tuesday, May 12th last, when a sermon was preached there by the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, for the benefit of the Broad Street Ward Charity Schools. Since that period, the whole of the bodies there inhumed, amounting to more than a thousand, were removed from the church and churchyard. One hundred and twenty coffins were conveyed to various places, and the bodies unclaimed, were interred, with the greatest decorum and care, in a vault, built for that purpose, in the church-yard of St. Margaret, Lothbury. The removal of the whole of the bodies was under the direction of Mr. Toplis, and it is impossible to speak too highly of the great care used by himself and the persons under his directions.

The disinterment of the bodies being completed, it was determined to take up the marble pavement of the chancel. As the last burial there took place nearly a century since, and as this was the spot where the remains of Miles Coverdale were supposed to be deposited, much interest was excited. Many gentlemen attended to witness the removal of the earth, in the hope of discovering the remains of this learned Father of the Reformation. A vault had been formed on one side of the Chancel, called the Rector's Vault; where, about four feet below the level of the church, the leaden coffin of Mrs. Newman was found, it being deposited there in January 1741; scarcely a vestige of the outer coffin was remaining, and, notwithstanding the time elapsed, and the dryness of the ground, a fluid escaped from the leaden coffin on its removal to the vestry-room. The earth was now carefully excavated to the depth of nearly eight feet, when, in the very centre of the chancel, a skeleton was discovered, which, from its peculiar situation, there can be little doubt of its being the venerated remains of Miles Coverdale. The coffin measured six feet four inches in length, the boards being three inches thick. The skeleton was tolerably perfect when first discovered, but crumbled into dust on its exposure to the air. These sacred remains were, with the earth around them, placed in a case, and removed to the vestry-room, where they remained until the evening of the 3rd of the present month, and then transferred to St. Magnus Church, London-bridge, of which he was rector in 1563; and the following morning, being the 305th anniversary of the translation of the whole Bible into English, by Coverdale, they

were, at 9 o'clock, deposited against the east wall of that church,—a part of the old building in which he preached, and not pulled down on the re-building of the church by Sir Christopher Wren, after the fire of London,—in a vault, at the expense of the parish, to whom these precious remains had, at their solicitation, been kindly consigned by the Bishop of London. The re-interment was strictly private, with the exception of the children of the ward-schools, and some of the parishioners, to whom a short and appropriate prayer, on the occasion, was made by the rector, the Rev. Thomas Leigh, A. M.

The whole of the interior of the church of St. Bartholomew was destroyed by the fire of London, as we have previously remarked in No. 1005; it left nothing but the venerable tower, built about 1438, and a portion of the walls at the north and west sides. The length of the church is seventy-eight feet, breadth sixty feet, and altitude forty-one feet, and that of the tower about ninety feet. It is of stone, and the roof of the church is covered with lead. The outer-door, fronting Bartholomew-lane, is adorned with a cherub, and a large festoon of fresco-work. The living was a rectory, in the gift of the Crown, and rated in the king's books at 18*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*

The parish of St. Bartholomew is added to that of St. Margaret, Lothbury, and from the demolition in the neighbourhood of the Bank of England, now comprises the whole of one of the old city parishes, that of St. Christopher-le-Stock, besides a portion of it standing in the two other parishes.

There is a portrait in Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross Street, of the Rev. George Griffiths, M. A., chaplain at the Charter House, and lecturer of St. Bartholomew, Exchange, whence he was ejected.

## TO CHILDREN PLAYING.

I love to hear the joyous sound  
Of merry children in that ground—  
It brings the thoughts of other days.  
When I, too, gladsome laughs could raise.

I love to watch them catch the ball,  
Free'd from the school-room's rigid thrall—  
I love to watch each childish feat,  
From this my quiet garden-seat.

Of late sad tears have dimmed mine eyes,  
And now my breast heaves bitter sighs—  
But I can still, my noble boy,  
Feel pleasure to procure thee joy.

Laugh on, laugh on, ye merry throng,  
And raise your happy joyous song,  
Free from restraint, or guile, or woe,  
Long may ye all such pleasures know.

And when in after years your hearts  
May have been pierced by sorrow's darts,  
Your thoughts, like mine, may then recall,  
The merry school-boy game of ball.

Laura C. R.—

## CESAR'S DAY OF PLEASURE.

## 1. VENUS PANDEMOS AND HER TEMPLE.

At first there was only one Venus—Venus Urania—otherwise called Venus the Heavenly. And celestial, indeed, she was, and worthily fitted for the reverence and regard of all just and good beings. Among those who held up the high and stately model of Roman virtue, Cato adored her to the earth, and Cornelia, kneeling, kissed the hem of her garment. Although regnant in the Heavens, which were her divine home, she had, nevertheless, cast off her luminous robes that dazzle the Immortals, and in her unvestured beauty and purity, walked serenely among men, and invited the understanding to follow in her steps.

Yet was she only visible to wiser eyes; vulgar optics could not discern her; for her essence being so ethereally fine, and most sublimed, only a pure faith, and chaste holy mind could hope to comprehend her.

Man, therefore, in the mass, with minds incapable of becoming pure enough to contemplate purity, had, in place of that which they could not know, set up a new divinity, better suited to their gross and carnal conceptions. This was the Venus Pandemos, or Earthly Venus. This is she, who hath found worshippers over the whole world, she whose beauty is richly compounded of all earthly elements that give lustre to our dust, and surcharge the dullness of our original clay with the flush of life and the glories of colouring; but her beauty, however, is only the bait to forbidden pleasures, wrong delights, and sensuality unbounded.

Wide and universal, indeed, had been the worship which accrued, of old time, to this lascivious Love-queen. Every nation had, by turns, bowed at her shrine, and laid itself awhile in the apparently glorious sweet light of her countenance. As Astarte Baal, she reigned at Babylon in beauty unapproachable; she filled the “tents of the young virgins,” the Succoth-Benoth of Syria, with the “lumen purpureum” of love; as the veiled Isis, in the land of Mizraim, myriads did her homage. In all voluptuousness she reigned in Greece, and her entralling idolatry had already spread to Rome.

Spread?—why young Caesar has confessed her for his mother. Returned from his wars, and flushed with his triumphs, he builds not his temple to bellicose Mars, or thunder-bearing Jove—but, laying his head in the lap of loveliness, he is so bewitched with fascinations, so enchanted with loves, that he vows a fane to the goddess who administers such pleasures, and forthwith dedicates a temple to the queen of voluptuous Love.

This temple was planted in the most delicious part of Rome's country. The presence of the goddess herself seemed to make more beautiful the spot of her residence. The heaven over it was blue as the heaven of India; the birds that passed there nourished them-

selves with dew, and had wings of azure. The waters around it were limpid and transparent; its walls were white as silver, and the sand it was built upon, red as purple. Seated on a hill, it viewed the phantasmagoria of the whole city beneath, and the breeze carried to it the perfumes of the roses of the valley. Around it grew palms, with their feathered heads like loose and elegant crowns, and when the sun coloured the summits of the scene, it became painted with lilac, grey pearl, and yellow gold.

Who can, then, be surprised, that to this fair place, endowed by himself, devoted to the goddess he most loved at heart, and far removed from the toil and bustle of the Seven-hilled City and its great camps below, the victor of five hundred fights, and the conqueror of a thousand battles, came hither, whenever he could, to indulge in all the pleasures of his soul. Here he spent the larger portion of the piping days of peace, and here we find him busied, on the day with which our story has to do.

## 2. CESAR IN THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

The scene around the temple, on the occasion of the visit of its founder, was luxurious beyond expression. All the priestesses, flowing figures with white stoles and with harps, calmly beautiful as ever they appeared in the classical pictures of the old masters—moved among the olives and myrtles, hymning their tutelary queen and goddess. Radiant creatures, from captured provinces, who were very pearls for beauty, glanced about in graceful dances, exposing all the luxury of limb and bosom. Maidens of Iberia, with large flashing eyes, and dark-flowing hair—Parthian damsels, each one fit for a consort to the Arsacide—Egyptian girls, fair as the concubines of King Pharaoh—crowded around Caesar, to do his pleasure, and gratify his eye. Charmers that bore baskets of summer-fruit, and earthen amphora of rosy wine, every now and then tempted the golden-locked voluptuary. The vine-cluster, purple in bloom, and pregnant with sweetness, had moistened his lips to satiety; abundances of other luscious fruits had filled him to repletion, while Massic, Setin, and renowned Falern had flown his spirits with warmth and fervour.

Under the power of these, Caesar, reclining on his couch, gave way to boisterous mirth, and bade them indulge in all the joys of the hour—“Throw out,” cried he, “handfuls of lilies and narcissi. Open the cassolets of rose-odours, I will make myself a couch from the petals of flowers, and an atmosphere of their perfumes. You, O beautiful young people, with long robes and flowery garlands, you will dance to the sound of lutes; and thou, young girl, whose eyes are limpid and azure as the Syrian Sea, you shall come near me, and marry thy voice to the songs of instruments, and the feet of dancers:—”

*Song of the Young Girl.*

i am nothing but a beautiful lute of ivory  
To tremble under your fingers ;  
I am nothing but a bracelet of pearls  
To encircle your arms ;  
Thy fingers of roses,  
Thy arms of alabaster,  
My beloved !

If I were an amulet,  
I would sleep on thy bosom ;  
If I were a drop of honey,  
I would melt on thy lips ;  
Thy lips of roses,  
Thy bosom of alabaster,  
My beloved !

Scarcely had the song ended, before the attention of all was excited by the sound of the trumpets of heralds, and, gazing on the quarter from which the sound proceeded, Caesar beheld, along the Appian Road, the senators of the empire approaching, after their debate. This was the signal for the troops of Cnidus and Paphis to disappear within the adytum of the temple; and Caesar, with his friends, among whom were Cornelius Balbus, and Caius Trebatius, continued seated, awaiting the advance of the conscript fathers.

## 3. CESAR'S INCIVILITY TO THE SENATE.

It appears, that while Caesar had been resigning himself to amorous dalliance, at the porch of his Temple of Venus, great debates, of which he was the alone subject, had been occupying the attention of the Forum. Having just returned from his victory in Spain, his countrymen were zealously desirous of heaping additional honours on his head. He had exalted himself a victor over the sons of Pompey, and extravagant already had been the flattery of the senate, and profuse the honours lavished on him. One vote had trodden upon the heels of another, and that highest and most grave title "Father of his Country" had been bestowed on him. "Imperator," too—that word of dominion and majesty, had been affixed to his name, and his person had been declared inviolate and sacred. Yet this was but a moiety of the grand catalogue of distinctions awarded him. Pre-eminent for locality, a vast statue, a most excellent counterpart of himself, was placed in the temple of wolf-fed Romulus, and next in contiguity to those of the seven traditional Kings of Rome. He was allowed to assume, on all public occasions, the dress used by victorious generals at their grand triumphs, and at all times to wear, encircled round his head, an imperial crown of laurel.

The honourers, therefore, of the conqueror, composing this venerable band, had by this time drawn close to where he sat. Caesar had hurriedly thrown over him, the old paludamentum or long cloak of the generals, which was all of scarlet, bordered with purple. To present several decrees passed in his honour, the whole senate was now in attendance upon him.

Their appearance was august and sacred, such as in aftertimes struck awe into the bar-

baric hordes of Attila, and made them quail before a present majesty. On seeing them, such was the reverence they involuntarily inspired, the poorer Romans knelt, but even the proudest rose.

Approaching, they saluted Caesar—but still Caesar sat :—presented their decrees—yet Caesar moved not: he heard what they had to say—yet still he sat; Caius Trebatius whispered him to rise, touched him, urged him—Caius Trebatius got a frown for answer.

The senate discharged their business, they marked the apparent insolence of Caesar, but made no comment at the time. But there were hot spirits among the senatorial gathering, who felt their pride wounded with the insult, as if a serpent had stung them. Tullius Cimber was a formal man, and brooked no infraction of ceremony. Cassius Longinus, proud and violent in his temper from a boy, was rancorous with indignation.

"What! contempt of the country, the Romans, and the senate!—What! contempt flung in the face of the most august body in the world!"

## 4. CESAR'S STOMACH-ACHE.

According to Suetonius and Dion Cassius, this piece of unceremoniousness or incivility, trifling as it may seem, was one of the chief causes of Caesar's ruin. "The greatest offence which he gave," says the former, "was in receiving the whole senate, who came to present him with several decrees, very much to his honour, *sitting* before the Temple of Venus." Dion Cassius relates the matter with all its circumstances:—"One day," says he, "as they were deliberating in the senate about great honours which they designed for Julius Caesar, they, having concurred, rose up, to carry the news of it to the emperor, who was sitting in the porch of the Temple of Venus. He did not arise upon seeing the senators come to him, but heard what they had to say to him, *sitting*. This made not only the senators, but the other Romans, so angry, that it was one of the chief pretences of those who formed the conspiracy against his person."

Cesar is said to have alleged that his apparent incivility arose from indisposition. Those, however, who were desirous of kindling fury among the people, gave no belief to this excuse, and were the more violent in not admitting it, as it was known that, a little while after, Caesar walked home on foot; the posture, therefore, which he kept, was vehemently attributed to pride.

Plutarch, however, observes that Caesar was very much concerned for the incivility he had shown the senate, and which so much displeased the people; and, also, that to excuse the fault, he himself expressly alleged his temper.

Still the reason that Caesar walked home little after, is not sufficient for the disbelief of Caesar's apparent want of respect. He might have been much disordered at the moment the

senate came to him, and yet have been able to walk home afterwards Cæsar hereby hastened his ruin, because he could not put himself in a civil posture, by reason of a little disorder of his bowels; which, on another occasion, would have been of no consequence, but at that time was of great importance. The accident, he feared, if he had risen, would have been attended with bad consequences; he would have been a laughing-stock to all the people of Rome, and the ill-affected would have put a strange construction upon it. It would have been a contempt of religion and the senate, and that, too, in the very temple of Venus. The thing might have rendered him so odious in many respects, that it might have caused even a man who had well considered all the consequences of his sitting still, to resolve not to stir out of his place.

Here, then, we have great reason to wonder at the occasional strangeness of human events, and to exclaim how the most important and most fatal things often depend upon the lightest trifles, and are put in motion by the meanest springs. As it was, the passions of those who were hot and irritated at the insult, boiled up to a pitch of frenzy and indignation, and finally directed their arms as conspirators, to stab the apparently contumacious Cæsar at the foot of the statue of Pompey.

W. A.

## ASTLEY AND

## THE DRUM WITH TWO HEADS.

*[From a Correspondent.]*

The late Philip Astley was originally attached to a regiment of Dragoons, and in consequence of some information which he conveyed to the Duke of York, he prevented him from being made prisoner as well as counteracting the execution of a manoeuvre planned by the enemy, which would have proved most disastrous to the British Army. For this piece of service, the Duke afterwards obtained him a license for an Amphitheatre, which he built in Westminster Bridge Road. He engaged an excellent troop of vaulters and equestrians, and being a good horseman himself, he every evening displayed the various methods of the manege; and in a short time had a vast number of persons of rank as supporters and patrons to his Riding School.

He brought up his son, John Astley, as an equestrian, who was esteemed the wonder of the age, and in the course of time added a handsome stage to his Amphitheatre, for the performance of Pantomimes and Burlettas. Among the artists engaged was a very excellent scene-painter, named Marchbanks, (a Scot by birth,) whose abilities were such as to pave the way for the growing pretensions of the northern kingdom in furnishing so many eminent artists.

Although Astley was a man of no education, still he was not devoid of judgment, and he was occasionally obstinately perverse in many opinions where he was decidedly wrong.

His son John, having now become an adept in theatrical affairs, was made Stage-manager, (or, to use his father's expression, Commander-in-chief of the stage department.)

Old Astley was remarkably industrious, and although perfectly satisfied with his son's exertions, he made a practice of visiting every department daily; scene-room, wardrobe, stables, &c., &c. Nay, he has even interfered with the musical department at rehearsals, although he was perfectly innocent of knowing a note of music. It once occurred that a military piece was in preparation, and Marchbanks, who had completely painted himself into the good graces of old Astley, was very busily employed in painting a tent-scene; when Astley came into the scene-room, amongst the filling-up of the scene was a piece of mounted cannon, a halbert, and a drum.

Astley admired it much, and in the course of his scrutiny, the following colloquy took place. "Very well done, Marchbanks; very good. Your tent is as natural as life. But what is that incomplete sort of thing laying there?" said the old gentleman, pointing his stick towards the drum.

"That, sir?" replied Marchbanks, rather surprised. "That is a drum, sir."

"A drum!" echoed Astley—"Why, it has got only one head to it. Who the devil ever heard of a drum with only one head to it, except a kettle-drum?"

"I grant you that a drum has *two heads*, sir," replied Marchbanks, "but it is impossible to see both heads at the same time; and, consequently, it is impossible to paint it so."

"Don't tell me about impossibilities," retorted Astley somewhat angrily. "If the audience see a drum painted on a scene, they expect to see both heads: therefore, either put another head to your drum, or I must get somebody else to do it." So saying, he marched out of the scene-room, leaving Marchbanks completely paralyzed. He puzzled his brains how to act,—he knew that he was right, and Astley was wrong, but it was useless to attempt to reason with an obstinate man; and not wishing to lose his situation, (which was by no means an indifferent one,) he determined to put *two heads to the drum*. It requires very little reflection to imagine what sort of an object a drum with two heads must have looked, painted on a scene; but so it was, and so it remained ready for old Astley to view next morning.

It however occurred that young Astley went into the scene-room the same evening, to speak to Marchbanks about some particular scene, when he observed the tent in nearly a finished state.

"This is very beautifully-painted," said young Astley to Marchbanks, "and does you great credit. But pray what is the matter with that drum?—It looks very odd!—Is it intended to be two drums? or—really I cannot make it out."

"To say the truth, sir," replied March-

banks, "I have been obliged to give way to one of your father's whims, who insisted on having the drum painted with two heads."

"Oh, that will never do," said John Astley, laughing. "We must contrive some manœuvre to get the better of the old gentleman."

"I think I have hit upon a plan," exclaimed Marchbanks, "and half an hour will accomplish it."

Marchbanks immediately obliterated one of the drum-heads, near which he painted the stump of a tree, on which was suspended a trumpet with a drapery attached to it, which hung in such a manner as to cover one end of the drum. Next morning, at the rehearsal, the scene was placed on the stage, quite finished.

Old Astley was pleased.—"Ah, all finished," said he, "Good lad, Marchbanks—very quick, and very well done.—But, hey-day, where is the drum with two heads, sir?"

"Here it is, sir," replied Marchbanks, as he pointed to the drum which laid beneath the trumpet, half-covered by its drapery.

"But where's the other head, sir?" asked old Astley.

"Behind the drapery of the trumpet, sir," coolly replied Marchbanks.

"Oh, aye, aye; I see—I understand," rejoined old Astley. "The drum has got two heads, but one of them is out of sight. Ah, it will do capitally. Marchbanks, you see I was right. I like you, because you are willing to take advice. Your salary shall be raised next week. Johnny!—Johnny!" continued he, as he called his son,—"that's a d—d clever fellow, he owns his fault;—raise his salary; raise his salary." So saying, Astley hustled off the stage, perfectly satisfied that his idea of a *drum with two heads* had been adopted.

#### ORATORY OF PERE BOURDALOUÉ.

It was not the voice, it was not the eye, nor the hand, nor the handkerchief, that raised him above all as the orator of the church. Could his voice have sunk itself into the tablets of the painter, as it did in those of the mind, we should have found a perfect and immortal production, the reader of which needed not to have exclaimed, "Had I but heard him!" It was reason, it was fancy, it was imagination, it was more than all these—his spirit was etherealized; his mind, raised from its sphere, divested of its mortal encumbrances, seemed to sail into the heaven of heavens, and rejoice in the purity of its atmosphere, the splendour of its glories, the brightness of its intellectual joys. If ever man, by mind, was raised and separated wholly from matter in this life, it was Bourdaloué; and that not in the accustomed hour of exhibition or public exertion, but habitually, by the

course of his daily reflections, by the inward communings of his soul, by the faculties of his reason, by the power of his aerial flight. The occasion of the pulpit simply gave voice to the visions which were always passing before his mind, when he withdrew himself from the observation of worldly objects. They who saw him in the pulpit for the first time, saw a plain and very simple looking person, who began to enunciate a passage of Scripture, with a feeble voice, and an unimpassioned manner: they then heard him neatly and easily explain the divisions of his text; and might, perhaps, be arrested by some novelty of application, or the clear statement of some simple truth, that seemed to strike them for the first time—and that was all; soon, however, his tone would appear as getting elevated, his views enlarging, and his manner and voice more concentrated; presently he would seem as withdrawing himself from his audience altogether—as if reading something written on the interior of his mind; and a little hesitation would follow, or rather a little deliberation, as if carefully marking out the traces of the finger-writing upon his brain: and then, of a sudden, would burst out the glory of his vision—then would the rays of his internal illumination fill the whole building, magnetize his hearers, and lift the imagination into realms of thought, and hope, and empirical bliss such as bears no resemblance to the joys of earth. It seemed as if, by his pre-meditated delay, that the door of splendour appeared shut against him; he knocked, and the gates, which used to spring open at a touch, no longer were double-locked and barred, but broke open to vision, scenes of unutterable gorgeousness.—There was it to so tremendous a height did his conceptions soar, —the ear of his imagination was whirled through space with such infinite velocity, that those who heard and saw, wondered that the fierce driver, reason, did not fall, that the wheels did not frictionize to fire, and the machine was not overthrown and shattered into a thousand pieces.

#### CUSTOMS OF THE CINGALESE,\* EXPLANATORY OF SCRIPTURE PASSAGES.

GENESIS XXXI. 19.—Most houses inhabited by Budhistas, are said to have images in them. Sometimes, an image is placed in a sort of

\* The Ceylonese or Cingalese people, occupy the island appertaining to India, which lies between the parallel of 5 deg. 56 min., and 9 deg. 46 min. north lat., and between 76 deg. 36 min., and 81 deg. 58 min. east long. Though the Cingalese are a different people from the Hindoos, and settled far from Judæa, they appear to have been no distant neighbours of the chosen race, previous to the period when they were expelled from the continent, and took refuge in Ceylon. Their usages being immutable, and greatly resembling the Jewish, frequently attest the truth of Scripture. From the excellent "Oriental Collections" of the Rev. J. H. Callaway, resident among this people ten years, \* extract all the above noticeable passages.

cupboard in a garden, and flowers are daily, or frequently, laid before it.

*Gen. xxxi. 27.*—In India, tong-tongs are beaten, and pipes are blown at some distance before the palanquin of a European of high rank, or of a native chief; while dancing boys, dressed like girls, and prettily decorated, keep time to the music.

*Gen. xxix. 26.*—The Cingalese, like the Hindoos, never give the younger in marriage before the first-born. Thus, in Cingalese, some terms, denoting kindred, are singularly specific : *sahōdarayā*, is brother; but *aye-yā*, is an elder brother. *Sahōdaree*, is sister; but, *akkā*, is an elder sister. *Nagā*, is a younger sister; and *malayā*, a younger brother.

*Num. xviii. 19.*—The Arabs, in forming covenants, eat bread and salt together. Eating a man's salt, is a phrase used to denote maintenance in general, as we speak of a man getting his bread. Some time back, when different parts of the maritime provinces of Ceylon were laid under water, hundreds of the natives were supplied with salt from the Government's store-house, at Matura. With salt, they say, they can always subsist, though destitute of everything besides, but roots and fruit with which to mix it.

*Deut. xi. 10.*—“Thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot,” is a passage of Scripture, believed to refer to some such usage as that of the Cingalese and Hindoos, who reduce the muddy surface of a paddy field to one consistency, by working about the little pools of water, left by flooding, simply with the foot, just before scattering the seed.

*Judges, xvi. 19.*—Mention is made of a favourite Court lady, in whose lap, the Emperor of Morocco constantly laid down his head and slept, when intoxicated; this illustrates *Judges, xvi. 19.* “And she made him sleep upon her knees.”

*Judges, xvi. 21.*—Scooping out the eyes, is a common punishment under Eastern tyrants, as oriental history bears witness.

*1 Sam. xiii. 19.*—The Arabs, in some cases, suspecting the people of a disposition to emancipate themselves, have allowed the inhabitants of a subjected village, but one knife.

*1 Sam. xix. 15.—Luke v. 19.—Mark ii. 4-11.*—A mat and pillow form all the bed of the common people of the East, and their rolling up the one in the other, has often struck me as illustrating the command to “rise, take up thy bed and walk.”

*2 Sam. v. 21.*—Planet influence, is styled by the Cingalese, *bal-le-yah*, which may bear an affinity to Baal. Figures in relief, sometimes as large as the human form, representing the planets, whose influence is to be propitiated or averted, are neatly formed with clay, on a frame of split bamboo; and when painted have an imposing appearance—particularly when lighted up at night. Such frames may be frequently seen, especially in time of sickness, with the worshippers and

dancers before them, accompanied by chanting and the beat of tong-tongs. The largest are about eighteen feet by twelve. After the ceremonies are over, the frame is partly broken up, or left to be destroyed by the rain, or in any way.

*2 Sam. xi. 9.*—Throughout Hindostan, servants sleep in the piazzas of the house.

*1 Kings, xviii. 27.*—In Hindoo and Buddhist legends, all manner of exploits are ascribed to the Gods. They are considered also as consuming much of their time in sleep. According to some, the great Brahma exists, consciously, but half his time, and Budha, in most of the temples, is not only represented standing and teaching, as well as sitting, but in a recumbent posture asleep.\*

*1 Kings, xix. 4.*—The *bo-tree* is considered sacred by the Cingalese, who believe Budha often rested himself under its shade. They may be seen to bow in passing it, and not unfrequently, a wall, breast high, is built about its trunk, to prevent injury. In this wall, are niches, constructed for placing lighted lamps in, on extraordinary occasions. The bread-fruit tree, and several others, growing by the road-side, afford the traveller a most refreshing shade from the heat. Logs of wood or seats, or old canoes, are often found under them for sitting or reclining on.

*1 Kings, xxi. 3.*—The people of Hindostan very reluctantly part with a family estate, from which they generally take their title. A Cingalese woman was once heard to object to selling a spot of ground, assigning as a reason, the pleasure she experienced in eating cocoa-nuts, produced by the trees that had supplied the family in former times.

*1 Kings, xxii. 11.*—Instruction by signs as well as by similitudes, seems to have been an established usage. The Grand Seignior has number of dumb men, who, in this way, express difficult matters to admiration.

*2 Kings, vii. 1.—2 Sam. xix. 8.—Esther, iii. 2.—Job, xxix. 7, &c. &c.*—The gate of an ancient city, was the principal place of business. Here the people, passing in and out, especially those employed in cultivation, easily met. Here was the court of justice; the market; the exchange; and apartments for the transactions of state affairs.

*2 Chron. xxiii. 19.*—The entrance of the inner chamber of a Buddhist temple, is usually low and narrow; and, on each side, stands a dreadful-looking fellow, formed of clay, and above the size of the human form, with a huge serpent in his hand, seemingly ready to lash with it whoever enters. They are styled *moorakāyo*, i. e. guards or sentinels.

\* Homer's deities are represented travelling, disputing, fighting, feasting, and sleeping. According to Lucian, there are certain chinks in heaven through which Jupiter, at certain times only, hears prayers. The Cretan Jupiter was painted without ears. Of Diana, the priests said, that being present at Alexander's birth, she could not be present at Ephesus, to preserve her temple which was then set on fire, and burnt down.

*Psalm* xlii. 20.—A worshipper of the Budha carries a flower to the temple, in his open hand, held as high as his head. Mr. Ward says, “when a Hindoo solicits a favour of his Gods, he stretches out his joined hands, open, towards the image, while he presents his petition, as if expecting to receive what he is asking.

*Psalm* lxx. 7.—Turks have been seen standing in a posture of defiance, with a naked sword between their teeth.

*Psalm* cxxiii. 2.—The Easterns direct their servants, very generally, by signs—even in matters of consequence. To depart, is signified by a side nod; and a frown, by a front one. One Racub, a Cingalese vizier, in conversation with an ambassador, was whispered by his high provost, and denoted his answer by a slight horizontal motion of the hand. The vizier resumed an agreeable smile; and, when the conversation ended, the significance of the token was dreadfully explained, by nine heads cut off and placed in a row on the outside of the fort gate.

*Solomon's Song*, vii. 1.—The bride's shoes are, with natives of rank in Ceylon, and generally in the east, made of velvet, richly ornamented with gold and silver, not unlike a pair in the tower, worn by Queen Elizabeth.

*Isaiah*, iii. 18.—Cingalese children often wear a ring about their ankles. Malabar and Moon children wear rings hung about with hollow balls, which tinkle as they run.

*Isaiah*, iii. 21.—Many Cingalese women wear gold rings on their toes. A small jewel, in form, resembling a rose, ornaments one nostril, of even the poorest Malabar woman.

*Isaiah*, xiv. 9.—The most magnificent tombs were chambers hewn out of rocks—one or more branching off from a room at the entrance. Hence the phrases, *going down to the sides of the pit—the house appointed for all living—the long home—chamber of death*.

*Isaiah*, xxx. 22.—Before the images in a Buddhist temple, are curtains hung, which are usually ragged and dirty. A metal image is often kept in a kind of bag—pulled off to gratify a worshipper by a sight of it.

*Daniel*, v. 27.—The Great Mogul is weighed annually, on his birth-day, and an account being kept, his physicians report upon his health.

*Matthew*, xiv. 8.—Herod's haste to secure the Baptist's head, is accounted for, by considering, that had Herod been allowed to grow sober, he would have satisfied the girl with some reward. A Persian monarch, when drunk, gave a dancing-girl a palace; but, the next morning, being expostulated with, he ordered her a sum of about two hundred pounds. The Grand Seignior had the heads of some officers exposed in silver dishes, with labels, denoting their crimes.

*John*, ix. 2.—The Hindoos and Ceylonese very commonly attribute their misfortunes to the transgressions of a former state of existence. I remember being rather struck with

the seriousness of a cripple, who attributed his condition to the unknown fault of his former life. His conjecture was, that he had broken the leg of a fowl.

*2 Corinthians*, iv. 7.—In a Cingalese pottery, hundreds of earthen vessels are to be seen, for hoarding money in.

*Hebrews*, i. 12.—The Grand Seignior appears in different coloured robes, for various purposes, the same day.

### PEACOCKS.

“To mention the Peacock, (says M. Le Grand,) is to write its panegyric.” In romance and chivalry they were super-eminent. Many noble families bore the peacock as their crest; and in the Provençal Courts of Love, the successful poet was crowned with a wreath formed of them. The coronation present given to the Queen of our Henry the Third, by her sister, the Queen of France, was a large silver peacock, whose train was set with sapphires and pearls, and other precious jewels, wrought with silver. This elegant piece of jewellery was used as a reservoir for sweet waters, which were forced out of its beak into a basin of white silver chased.

As the knights associated these birds with all their ideas of fame, and made their most solemn vows over them, the highest honours were conferred on them. Their flesh is celebrated as the “nutriment of lovers,” and the “viand of worthies;” and a peacock was always the most distinguished dish at the solemn banquets of princes or nobles. On these occasions it was served up on a golden dish, and carried to table by a lady of rank, attended by a train of high-born dames and damsels, and accompanied by music. If it was on the occasion of a tournament, the successful knight always carved it, so regulating his portions that each individual, were the company ever so numerous, might taste. For the oath, the knight, rising from his seat, and extending his hand over the bird, vowed some daring enterprise of arms or love:—“I vow to God, to the blessed Virgin, to the dames, and to the peacocks,” &c., &c.

In later and less imaginative times, the peacock, though still a favourite dish at a banquet, seems to have been regarded more from its affording “good eating,” than from any more refined attribute. Massinger speaks of

“the caresses  
Of three fat wethers brined for gravy to  
Make sauce for a single peacock.”

In Shakespeare's time, the bird was usually put in a pie, the head, richly gilt, being placed at one end of the dish, and the tail, spread out in its full circumference, at the other.

From whatever circumstance the reverence for peacock's feathers originated, it is not, even yet, quite exploded. In some counties, we cannot enter a farm-house where the mantelpiece in the parlour is not decorated with a

diadem of peacock's feathers, which are carefully dusted and preserved ; and even in houses of more presuming pretensions, the same custom frequently prevails.

### Phenomena of Nature.

#### A BLUE SUN SEEN AT BERMUDA.

LIEUT. COL. REID, on his way to the Bermudas as governor, communicated this remarkable case in a letter to Sir David Brewster. He stated that :—

" The present collector of customs at Bermuda, was at sea on the 11th of August, (1839,) the day a hurricane was passing over St. Vincent, and to him and the other persons on board, objects appeared, they thought, of a light green, or bluish-green colour, and the sun had this same appearance."

This, however, was only a repetition of what his friend Dr. Harvey and himself had seen, August 3, 1831, which occurred, according to his memory, during stormy and threatening weather.

" On the 11th," he says, " I rose early, for the purpose of writing, but soon discovered that the light was so dim I could not proceed. I removed to another room, and finding my situation not improved, I said, in the presence of one of my family, I apprehended a sudden failure of sight. I was then asked if I had not observed a very peculiar appearance of the sun's rays the day before. I had not, but had perceived the floor of the room to look blue, especially where the sun shone on it; indeed, every object in the room appeared of a sickly blue colour. The next day, the 12th, a small boat was put under weigh, for the first time, with a party on board. The day was so mild and tranquil, we could only reach a few miles: the sails, which were new and pure white, nevertheless, appeared to be stained of a bluish colour, and the sea was of a dingy yellow. This singular blue colour was observed even on the coast of America."

Sir David Brewster, in explanation of this phenomenon, gave himself of opinion that the blue colour of the sun was produced by vapour or water in a vesicular state—as spherules of water—interposed between the sun and the observer. Owing to this cause, the sun may exhibit any colour, and, in point of fact, he had once seen the sun of a bright salmon colour, in which both red and yellow were mixed with the blue. A similar effect is often produced when the sun is seen in a cold winter morning, through the windows of a carriage covered with hoar frost, or when it is seen through vapour similarly deposited.

#### NON-PUTREFACTION FROM POISONOUS SAUSAGES.

Professor Liebeg, in his "Statement of Poisons, Contagions, and Miasms," mentions the following fact :—

There is a disease frequently produced in Germany by using decayed sausages as an article of food. The symptoms attending the disease are remarkable, and distinctly indicate its cause. The patient afflicted with the disease becomes much emaciated, dries to a com-

\* These scientific phenomena are condensed abstracts from the discussions and announcements now taking place at Glasgow, before the "British Association for the Advancement of Science." :

plete mummy, and finally dies. The muscular fibre and all parts similarly composed, disappear. The cause of this evidently is, that the state of decomposition in which the component parts of the sausages are, is communicated to the constituents of the blood, and this state not being subdued by the vital principle, the disease proceeds until death ensues. It is remarkable that the carcasses of the individuals, who have died in consequence of it, are not subject to putrefaction.

#### AN ANOMALOUS FORM OF PLUM, OBSERVED IN THE GARDENS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

After some remarks on the character of the fruit-bearing trees of New Brunswick, which is not favourably situated for the development of rosaceous fruits, Professor Robb stated :—

In the summer of 1839, I had an opportunity of observing the progress of destruction among the plums. Before, or soon after the pieces of the corolla had fallen, the ovarium had become greenish yellow, soft, and fleshy; as the fruit continued to grow, its colour became darker and of a more muddy yellow, and, at the end of a fortnight or three weeks, the size of the abortive fruit was fully greater than that of a ripe walnut, and resembled, in appearance, apricots. When examined, they were hollow, containing air, and consisting of a distended skin, insipid and tasteless. By and bye, a greenish mucor or mould developed on the surface of the blighted fruits, which becomes black and shrivelled, and, at the expiration of a month from the time of blowing, the whole are rotten and decomposed. The flower appears about the beginning of June, and, before August, there is hardly a plum to be seen. The author supposed this anomalous form of fruit to be influenced in its production by cold winds and long-continued rains at that season at which the flower is open, and the reproductive organs the most exposed to atmospherical vicissitudes. It was popularly attributed to insects; but, from not having observed any, he did not think this could be the cause.

Dr. Walker Arnott on the other hand gave it as his opinion that these plums were produced by the attacks of insects, as he had frequently seen anomalous forms of fruit produced in that way. An early examination of the flower would probably have detected them. Moist weather produced a contrary effect on vegetation, and was favourable to the development of leaves rather than fruit.

#### HANGING IN CHAINS.

THE English law was not, formerly, content with the punishment of death—it required to have death with the horror of some sort attached to it; as anatomy had been complained of, the legislators had chains and a gibbet. Death was not enough—no, not even a slow, expected, ceremonious, dungeon-death, during which a man dies in every nerve and

muscle previous to the last fatal friendly blow. It might have been supposed, when the Law had travelled so far—had laid strong hands upon the criminal, and crushed the life out of his marrow—that it had done its worst. It had so, and it was folly to attempt more; by hanging a corpse up in the air—by festooning it with rusty chains, justice and the judge lent themselves to a horrible farce. Nobody was deterred, but many disgusted: of all scarecrows, the worst, and yet ugliest, is a human one. Superstition gets an auxiliary: on windy nights, the bones rattle, and the chains clank, and the cottagers draw their chairs together, and the peasant boy leaves the tainted path—and this is about all.

Hanging in chains was an ancient barbarism, unworthy of the men whose enlightened views have abolished that part of the felon's sentence that tended to make anatomy ignominious.

Death is the *ne plus ultra* of the Law: when it endeavoured to push its authority beyond the grave, it exhibited, unnecessarily, the limits of its power, beyond which, it was mere impotence—a dangerous and a useless exposure.

### GLEANINGS,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF STERNE.

IN the exhibition at Somerset house, in 1785, was a drawing by an honorary gentleman (Mr. Nicholas) of the parsonage house and garden at Coxwold, where Mr. Sterne wrote his Sentimental Journey, and some of his other early works; his figure was leaning over the garden wall, whilst a London waggon was passing by. An engraving of this, his favourite residence, is given in the *Mirror* of Nov. 20, 1830, accompanied with a tributary memorial to his genius, for it says:—"So long as the fine blundings of humour and pathos have charms for the sensitive reader, the writings of Laurence Sterne will be cherished with fond regard. In the school of morality, Sterne is what Hogarth is in that of painting—and he is aptly termed the 'painting moralist.' The brightness of fancy, the playfulness of wit, the pungency of satire, the chastisement of folly, and the wholesomeness of knavery and vice, all succeed each other in lights and shadows of great breadth and beauty; and if they whip not 'the offending Adam' out of us, the memory of the writer should be respected for his benevolent views.

The engraving is consecrated by its association with the above and many more traits of genius."

In one of his letters he says: "My Sentimental Journey will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of moulds." From a letter of his, quoted in the above *Mirror*, written at the above "peaceful cottage," one may judge that he was beloved in his pa-

rish, for he therein says: "Not a parishioner catches a hare, or a rabbit, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me." That he was not a stingy man, another letter of his shows, for he sportively says: "The coronation of His Majesty (whom God preserve) has cost me the value of an ox, which is to be roasted whole in the middle of the town, and my parishioners will, I suppose, be very merry upon the occasion." Lord Faulconbridge, in the year 1760, as Sterne tells his daughter, "presented me with the curacy of Coxwold, a sweet retirement in comparison with Sutton." The son of this nobleman lived in Hanover-square, and it used to be said that he had numbers of Mr. Sterne's letters, and various prints, drawings, and a picture of him, *a whole length*. Whether the history of Yorkshire by Whitaker, or that by Townson, or any other history of that county describes Coxwold, or Stillington, or Sutton, in the Forest, close by where Sterne resided twenty years, I know not. Allen's splendid history of Yorkshire does not mention a word of Sterne. In the church at Coxwold is a fine monument of Belasyse, Lord Faulconbridge, who died in 1702. It appears from a letter of his, dated from Coxwold, in 1765, that—"by carelessness of my curate, or his wife, or his maid, or some one within his gates, the parsonage house at Sutton was burnt to the ground, with the furniture that belonged to me, and a pretty good collection of books; the loss three hundred and fifty pounds—the poor man and his wife took the wings of the next morning, and fled away—this has given me real vexation, for so much was my pity and esteem for him, that as soon as I heard of this disaster, I sent to desire he would come and take up his abode with me till another habitation was ready to receive him—but he was gone, and, as I am told, through fear of my persecution—Heavens! how little did he know of me to suppose I was among the number of those wretches that heap misfortune upon misfortune."

In a catalogue of pictures, sold by Mr. Christie, May 22, 1821, is No. 25. "A view of a Church in Yorkshire, where Sterne preached his Maiden Sermon; taken on the spot. By P. Reinagle, R. A." And in a catalogue of pictures, sold by Mr. Southgate, May 5, 1825, is No. 117—"Whitby Church, Yorkshire, where Sterne preached his first Sermon. *Fine.* By Reinagle." Mr. Southgate very properly called it fine, for it was most sweetly painted. It was sold for 4/- to a Mr. Wheatley, of Cranborne-alley.

This journey has been translated into the French language by M. P. Crassous, 1804,—by M. M. Christophe, *Paris*, 1828—and by M. Frenais, printed at *Geneve*, *Paris*, and *Toulouse*, in 2 vols. 1769, 1779, and 1788. In his preface he observes, that, "on y verra sous le voile de la gaité, et même quelquefois de la bouffonnerie, des traits d'une sensibilité tendre et vraie, qui arrachent des larmes en même-tems que l'on rit. Le Voyage Sentimental est

une production immortelle, d'un homme qui réunissait à beaucoup de sensibilité, une égale et vaste portion de génie; cet homme est M. Sterne. Le fait le plus simple prenait sous sa plume, une forme intéressante et pathétique; il est le premier chez les Anglais, et peut-être le premier des écrivains, qui a senti combien les plus légères circonstances, une attitude, un geste, un trait de physionomie pourvoient d'animier un sujet. Tout en lui étoit original jusqu'à ses sermons qu'il a fait imprimer sous le nom d'Yorick, et qui renferment la morale la plus pure, présente, bien naïvement, bien simplement; il prêchoit aux hommes la philanthropie, la charité, la sensibilité. D'un seul mot il pénétrait, mais ce mot part de l'âme; c'est presque toujours son cœur qui conduit sa plume; mais si l'esprit consiste à découvrir dans les objets de nouveaux rapports, des facettes nouvelles, je ne connais pas l'homme qui ait plus d'esprit que Sterne. Son extérieur étoit melançolique et sombre, sa santé foible et délicate; cependant son humeur avoit des saillies de gaieté; on retrouve en lui, Cervantes, Montaigne, Rabelais; mais de plus, il possède cette fleur de sentiment, cette souplesse de pensée, qui je ne saurois définir. Qu'on lise dans son *Tristram Shandy*, l'histoire de Lefevre, et ma définition est inutile. Sterne, avoit beaucoup d'érudition; il passa les deux tiers de sa vie à étudier, et il avoit près de quarante ans, lorsqu'il écrivit son premier ouvrage."

M. Suard, who was personally intimate with Sterne when at Paris, thus speaks of him in the Mémoires Historiques sur le xviii Siecle: "Il amusa singulièrement les esprits gais à Paris, par son originalité piquante, et donna des émotions nouvelles aux âmes tendres, par la sensibilité la plus naïve, la plus prompte et la plus touchante. Dans Sterne, le rire, les pensées profondes, et les douces larmes, ont leurs sources dans la même page, et souvent dans la même phrase. Dans *Tristram Shandy*, c'est l'esprit de Sterne qui domine; dans le voyage, c'est son ame." This fascinating writer, M. Suard, then dwells with great emotion on Sterne's interview at Calais with one of those devout men whom Guido had often painted: "qui en échangeant leurs tabatières ont tout les deux les yeux brillans de joie et de larmes, comme ses gouttes de pluie de l'arc-en-ciel signe de la réconciliation du ciel et de la terre!" he further says: "Quel écrivain quelque soit, sa philosophie, son eloquence et sa gloire, n'échangerait pas les plus belles pages qu'il a pu écrire avec celles où Sterne, menacé de la Bastille, dispose si promptement son imagination à toutes les horreurs des cachets"—and he then dwells with vivid admiration on his transitions to the starling and the captive, "étendu sur la pierre nue et humide des prisons."

A fervid biographer of Mr. Sterne, in the Dublin University Magazine, of Sept. 1836, observes: "Sterne was every where himself—the Cervantine spirit was ever ready to set the

table in a roar: his kindness came at the lightest appeal; his laugh and jest were ever at the call of every folly that provoked them. Full of fervid earnestness, his sympathy was never wanting, and every one who had the perception of humour, or the love of social spirit, were his friends. He was engaged to dinners for three months. In his prodigality of life, the waste became too rapidly felt and seen. The Cervantine flame was too bright for the frail vessel that held it. One attack succeeded another, and, between each, the *lamentable flame* of Yorick seemed to shoot up its expiring light." Sir W. Scott says, that Sterne boasted of being engaged fourteen dinners deep; and Dr. Johnson was told, he had engagements for three months.

In a letter to Miss Sterne, in February 1767, he says, "I shall not begin my Sentimental Journey, till I get to Coxwold. I have laid a plan for something new, quite out of the beaten track." He had no sooner published the two first volumes of this work, than his debilitated and worn out frame submitted to fate, on the 18th of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond-street. He was buried in the then new burying ground of St. George, Hanover-square, on the 22d of the same month, in the most private manner. Sir W. Scott thus describes his death: "there was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by Mrs. Quickly as attending that of Falstaff, the compeer of Yorick for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. While life was ebbing fast, and the patient lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of rubbing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan." The manner of his death is, however, thus related in "The Travels of James Macdonald," 8vo. 1790.

"I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging, to know how he did; the mistress opened the door, and I went into his room, he was then dying. I staid five minutes. He then said, 'Now it is come.' He then put up his hand, as if to stop a blow, and died directly."

I cannot but apply to the present subject, Adrian's address to his departing soul, as translated by Mr. Pope.

Ah, fleeting spirit! wand'ring fire,  
That long hast warm'd my tender breast,  
Must thou no more this flame inspire?

No more a pleasing cheerful guest?

Whither, ah, whither art thou flying!  
To what dark undiscovered shore?  
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,  
And wit and humour are no more!

Two favourite personages of his are made to plead for him in some of the eulogiums which appeared soon after his death.

What tho' no taper cast its deadly ray,  
Or the full choir sing requiems o'er thy tomb,

The humbler grief of friendship is not mute ;  
And poor *Maria*, with her faithful kid,  
Her auburn tresses carelessly cutwin'd  
With olive foliage, at the close of day  
Shall chant her plaintive vespers at thy grave.  
Thy shade, too, gentle *Monk*, mid awful night,  
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye ;  
For erst his sweet benevolence bestow'd  
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears  
The sod which rested on thy aged breast.

And again :

*Maria*, too, pleads for her favourite distress'd.  
As you feel for her sorrows, O grant her request !  
Should these advocates fail, 've another to call,  
One tear of his Monk shall obliterate all.  
While the Graces and Loves scatter flow'rs on thy urn,  
And Wit weeps the blossom too hastily torn ;  
This need, too, kind spirit, unoffended, receive  
From a youth, next to Shakspeare's, who honours thy  
grave !

S. F.

### Public Journals.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY. NO. XLVI.  
October, 1840.

[As the haunt of a mole is known by the hillock it throws up, so, in the phrenological creed, do the "bumps and rotundities" of the caput, sinciput, and occiput, indicate the presence of virtues or vices, that there hold their habitation. To the eye of Lavater, or Spurzheim, the bald sconce of a sexagenarian, was not a mere ivory piece of polish, but ebullient here and there, as the orb of Luna, with the significant protuberances of all volcanic sorts of passions. Sam Slick was non-plussed for employment, till his sagacity lead him to adopt Galt, and turn phrenologist; his experience on the subject, is worth attending to :—]

#### Niceties of character the Phrenologist's Study.

Instead of goin' about mopein' and complainin', I set myself about repairin' damage, and gitten up somethin' new; so I took to phrenology. Phrenology, by itself, requires a knowledge of paintin', of light and shade, and drawin' too. You must know character. Some people will take a coat put on by a white-wash brush as thick as porridge; others won't stand it if it ain't laid on thin, like copal, and that takes twenty coats to look complete; and others, again, are more delicate still, so that you must lay it on like gold leaf, and that you have to take up with a camel's hair brush, with a little pomatum on the tip of it, and hold your breath while you are a spreadin' of it out, or the leastest grain of air from your nose will blow it away. But still, whether laid on thick or thin, a 'cute person can tell what you are at, though it tickles him so while you are a-doin' of it, he can't help shewin' how pleased he is.

#### Craftiness of Mr. Slick's Phrenology.

So now, when I enter a location, arter a little talk about this, that, or the other, I looks at one of the young grow'd up gall, airnest like, till she says, Mr. Slick, what on airth are you a-lookin' at ? Nothin', says I,

my dear, but a most remarkable development. A what ! says 'she. A remarkable development, says I, the most remarkable, too, I ever seed since I was raised. Why, what in Nature's that ? says she. Excuse me, Miss, says I, and I gets up, and puts my finger on her crown. What benevolence ! says I, and firmness of character ! did you ever !—and, then, says I, a-passin' my finger over the eyebrow, you ought to sing well, positively ; it's your own fault if you don't, for you have uncommon petikilar powers that way. Your time is large, and tune great ; yes, and composition is strong. Well, how strange ! says she ; you have guessed right, I swear, for I do sing, and am allowed to have the best ear for music in all these clearin's. How on airth can you tell ? If that don't pass ! Tell, says I, why it's what they call phrenology, and a most beautiful study it is. I can read a head as plain as a book ; and this I will say, a finer head than yours, I never did see, positively. What a splendid forehead you have ! it's a sight to behold. If you was to take pains, you could do anything a'most. Would you like to have it read, Miss ?

#### Phrenology helping to sell Clocks.

Well, arter hearin' me pronounce afore-hand at that rate, she is sure to want it read, and then I say I won't read it aloud, Miss ; I'll whisper it in your ear, and you shall say if I am right. Do, says she, I should like to see what mistakes you'll make, for I can't believe it possible you can tell ; it don't convene to reason, does it ? Nothin', squire, never stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curious to know somethin' about herself. Only hold a secret out in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip to a cat ; she'll jump, and frisk, and frolic round you like anything, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it. They'll do anything for you a'most for it. So I slides out my knee for a seat, and says, its no harm, Miss, you know, for Ma is here, and I must look near to tell you ; so I draws her on my knee, without waiting for an answer. Then, gradually, one arm goes round the waist, and t'other hand goes to the head, bumpologizin', and I whispers—wit, paintin', judgment, fancy, order, music, and every good thing a'most. And she keeps a-sayin'—Well, he's a witch ! well, how strange ! lawful heart ! Well, I want to know !—now I never !—do tell !—as pleased all the time as any thing. Lord ! squire, you never see anything like it—it's Jerusalem fine fun. Well, then, I wind up by touchin' the back of her head, hard, (you know, squire, what they call the *amative* bumps, are located there) and then whisper a bit of a joke to her about her makin' a very very loving wife, and soon—, and she jumps up a-colourin', and a-sayin' its no such thing. You missed that guess, anyhow. Take that for not guessin' better ! and pretendin' to slap me, and ell

that; but actilly ready to jump over the moon for delight. Don't my clocks get fust admired, and then boughten, after this readin' of heads, that's all ! Yes, that's the beauty of phrenology. You can put a clock into their heads when you are a-puttin' other fine things in, too, as easy as kiss my hand. I have sold a nation lot of them by it.

### THE SYRIAN BISHOP.

The city of York has been visited during the past week by a stranger from the east, of no ordinary interest. We refer to a bishop of the ancient church of Antioch, Mar Athanasius Abelmesis, ordained by the Patriarch of Antioch as the metropolitan of the Christian church of Malabar. His authority was rejected by some schismatic brethren, instigated by the American missionaries, and he is now in England, anxious to obtain the sympathy of his brethren here. He is mentioned by the late Bishop Heber in his Journal, and after receiving attention from some of the clergy of York, he had the honour of dining with his Grace the Archbishop and Lord Wenlock. He is in the direct line of the succession from the earliest bishops of Antioch, and holds the same creeds with the English church.

### SUSPENSION BRIDGES.\*

*Their rude Antiquity.*—Suspension Bridges appear to be of very ancient origin; travellers have discovered them in South America, in China, in Thibet, and in the Indian Peninsula. They are mostly met with in mountainous regions, and being suspended across a deep ravine, or an impetuous torrent, permit the passage of the traveller, where the construction of any other kind of bridge, would be impracticable. It is not, therefore, from the celebrated nations of antiquity, that the engineer has derived his first hints for the construction of suspension bridges, as neither Greece, Rome, or Egypt, is ever known to have had one, but from rude and unpolished people, the results of whose ingenuity we proceed to describe :—

*Rope Suspension Bridges.*—In South America, there are numerous bridges of this kind, formed from ropes made of the fibrous roots of the great American aloe (*Agave Americana*). The road-way is formed by covering the ropes transversely with small cylindrical pieces of bamboo. The bridge of Penipe, erected over the river Champo, is one hundred and twenty feet long, and eight feet broad ; but there are others of much larger dimension. The utility of these bridges, in mountainous countries, is immense. Humboldt mentions, that a permanent communication has been established between Quito and Lima,

\* Condensed from a paper " On Suspension Bridges, and their early use," in " The Surveyor's, Engineer's, and Architect's Journal."

by means of a rope bridge of extraordinary length, after 40,000/. had been expended in a fruitless attempt to build a stone bridge over a torrent, which rushes from the Cordilleras of the Andes. This is erected near Santa, and travellers, with loaded mules, pass over it in safety.

A rope bridge will generally remain in good condition, twenty or twenty-five years, though some of the ropes require renewing every or eight ten years.

*Iron Suspension Bridges of Thibet.*—But composed of stronger and more durable materials than the twisted fibres and tendrils of plants, suspension bridges are found to exist in remote and semi-barbarous regions. In Thibet, many iron suspension bridges have been discovered, and it is not improbable, that in countries so little known and visited by Europeans, others may exist of which we have, as yet, received no accounts.

*Thibet Suspension-bridge, Chuka-chazum.*—This, the most remarkable bridge in Thibet, is stretched over the Tehintchieu, situated about eighteen miles from Murichom.

" Only one horse is admitted to go over it at a time ; it swings as you tread upon it, reacting, at the same time, with a force that impels you, every step you take, to quicken your pace. It is constructed of five chains, which support the platform, and on which chains, are placed several layers of strong coarse mats of bamboo, loosely laid down, so as to play with the swing of the bridge, a fence on each side further secures the passenger."

The date of this bridge's erection is unknown to the inhabitants of the country, and they even ascribe to it a fabulous origin. Its length is about one hundred and fifty feet. There is also another bridge in Thibet, which Turner describes, called *Selo-cha-zum*, very singular in its construction, but on a much smaller scale than the preceding.

*Chinese Suspension-bridges.*—In Kircher's *China Illustrata*, there is a very clear description of one of these iron-chain bridges of China.

" In the province of Junnan," says he, " over a valley of great depth, and through which a torrent of water runs with great force and rapidity, a bridge is said to have been built by the emperor Mingus, of the family of Hama, in the year of Christ, 65, not constructed of brickwork, or of blocks of stone cemented together, but of chains of beaten iron and hooks, so secured to rings from both sides of the chasm, that it forms a bridge by planks placed under them. There are twenty chains, each of which is twenty perches, or three hundred palms in length. When many persons pass over together, the bridge vibrates to and fro. . . . It is impossible to admire sufficiently the dexterity of the architect Sinensius, who had the hardihood to attempt a work so arduous."

\* Turner's Embassy to the Court of Thibet.

ous, and so conducive to the convenience of travelling."

Another suspension-bridge, in China, is described in the 6th. vol. of the "Histoire générale des Voyages." The following is a condensed translation:—

"The famous Iron-bridge (such is the name given to it) at Quay-Cheu, on the road to Yun-Nan, (Junnan !) is the work of an ancient Chinese general. On the banks of, and stretching over the Pan-ho, a torrent of inconsiderable breadth, but of great depth, a large gateway has been formed, between two massive pillars, six or seven feet broad, and from seventeen to eighteen feet high. From the pillars at each end, four iron chains extend; on this bridge of chains, thick planks laid across, formed a platform. The whole is covered by a roof which rests its ends on the pillars at each side of the bank."

The Chinese have also several other bridges in imitation of this. One on the river Kincha-Hyang, in the ancient canton of Lo-Lo, which belongs to the province of Yun-nun, is particularly known.

In the province of Se-chuen, there are one or two others, which are sustained only by ropes; but though of an inconsiderable size, they are so little to be trusted, that they cannot be crossed without sensations of fear.

*Early Suspension-bridges of Britain, America, and the Continent.*—Scamozzi speaks of suspension-bridges existing in Europe in the beginning of the seventeenth century, but it is very questionable if the term he employs designates the same structure as that to which it is now applied. On the Continent, no suspension-bridges seem to have been erected, save those of recent date; and in England, the oldest bridge of the kind, is believed to have been the Winch Chain Bridge, suspended over the Tees, and forming a communication between the counties of Durham and of York. Mr. Stevenson (*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*) conjectures, on good authority, that the date of its erection was about 1741.

At Carrick-a-rede, near Ballantoy, in Ireland, there is a rope bridge, which, in 1800, was reported to have been in use longer than the present generation could remember.

*Scotland.*—In 1816 and 1817, some wire suspension-bridges were erected in Scotland, and though not of great extent, are the first species of suspension-bridge architecture in Great Britain. Full descriptions of these bridges are to be met with elsewhere.

*Menai Suspension-bridge.*—In 1819, Mr. Telford, authorized by act of parliament, constructed this suspension-bridge, near Bangor Ferry, which was opened to the public, Jan. 30, 1826.

*Union Suspension-bridge.*—The Union bridge across the Tweed, was designed and executed by Captain Brown, and was the first bar chain-bridge of considerable size, that was

\* See Navar. *Mémoire sur les Ponts suspendus.*

completed in this country. It was commenced in August, 1819, and finished July, 1820.

After the completion of the Menai bridge, others on the suspension principle began to be universally adopted throughout Europe; but, it was not till *Iron-wires*, had been proven to be more firm than *bars of a greater thickness*, that the bridges received their most extensive applications.

Since 1821, Messrs. Sequin have constructed more than fifty wire bridges in France, with most complete success.

The wire suspension-bridge at Freyburg, in Switzerland, the largest in the world, was erected by Mons. Challey, and extends across the valley of the Sarine. It was commenced in 1831, and thrown open to the public, in 1834.

At Montrose, a suspension-bridge has also been erected, the size of which, is scarcely inferior to that of the Menai bridge.

At Clifton, there is now in progress of erection, by Mr. Brunel, a very large suspension-bridge; and another, one thousand six hundred feet in length, is about to be erected over the Danube, between Pest and Offen, by Mr. W. Tierney Clark.

### Arts and Sciences.

**SULPHURIC ACID FROM PYRITES OF COPPER.**  
IN 1834, M. Dubost, an ingenious inhabitant of Lyons, established a manufactory of sulphuric acid at Perrache from the sulphurs of copper produced in the mines of Chessy. M. Perré, his partner, (but since separated from him,) did not, however, succeed, it is understood, by his process, in obtaining more than 14 per cent. return, although it was quite possible to obtain from 25 to 30 per cent. of sulphur. The results, in either case, were considered profitable; but an exactly similar process which has just begun to be made use of in Britain, though wanting in priority, makes application of a certain method for the extraction of sulphuric acid, by means of natural products infinitely more abundant in the yield than those procured by M. Perré.

### NEW ORGAN WITHOUT BELLows.

MM. DAUBLAINE and Caillet, at Paris, have invented a very remarkable kind of organ, which abundantly bears witness to the progress which may be made in this branch of musical industry. Instead of those immense bellows, which tire out so many arms, they have supplanted them by means of a very simple system of machinery, which may be made to act by an infant, and it produces as great an effect as an instrument of large dimensions and high cost. This organ, elegant in structure, is destined for the parish of St. Stephen at Lille, and has been examined by the first artists in Paris, who universally speak of it with approbation.—*Courrier de l'Europe.*

## LOCOMOTIVE AIR-CARRIAGE.

THE attention of scientific people in Paris has been lately much excited by the exhibition of a locomotive carriage, impelled and regulated by the action of air compressed and expanded alone. The inventors have been occupied one whole year in the construction and improvement of this extraordinary machine, with which various trials have been made, and, latterly, one in the presence of a numerous assembly of people in the ancient foundries of Chaillet. The carriage is stated to be very light, and of great rapidity of motion, carrying seven or eight passengers, besides the apparatus, which is represented as of remarkable simplicity of mechanism, running without smoke, inodorous, and especially free from danger. Before passing to the body of the pump which sets the wheels in action, the air with which the carriage is charged passes through a regulator, which maintains it at a constant pressure, and through a *dilator*, which instantly trebles its expansive force. It is considered that by this invention the problem relative to the application of common air as a motive power on railroads is completely and favourably determined.

BRIGU'S ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER  
THE GREATEST OF THE INDIAN  
GODS.

[THE following account of Brigu, from the Hindoo mythology, is an ingenious and amusing typification of gentleness and patience; for the Gods of the Hindoos, though they have incomprehensible attributes assigned to them, are, nevertheless, invested with the infirmities and passions of human nature: the instance below related, is another form of turning the other cheek to be smitten :—]

It is related of Brigu, that on being once asked, in an assembly of the Gods, which was the greatest, BRAHMA, VISHNU, or SIVA, he undertook the task of ascertaining the point, by a somewhat hazardous experiment.

He first proceeded to BRAHMA, whom he purposely neglected to treat with his customary respect and decorum, which unusual proceeding, drew upon him the indignation and lavish abuse of that deity.

He then repaired to SIVA, to whom he behaved in a still more offensive manner; which roused, in a much greater degree, the anger of that impatient and vindictive personage.

Brigu, however, on both these occasions, by timely apologies, made his peace, and retired. He finally proceeded to the Heaven of VISHNU, whom he found asleep, with Sakshmi sitting by him. Knowing the mild temper of the God, he judged that the mere appearance of disrespect would not, as in the two former cases, be sufficient to try it. He, therefore, approached the sleeping deity, and gave him

a severe kick on the breast. On this, Vishnu awoke, and instead of being indignant, as Brahma and Siva had been, he not only expressed his apprehension and regret, lest he should have hurt his foot, but benevolently proceeded to chafe it.

Brigu, on witnessing this, exclaimed, "This God must be mightiest, since he over-powers all by goodness and generosity."

BESIDES the sun, (says Garcilasso de la Vega,) which the Peruvians worshipped for the visible God, and to which they offered sacrifice, and kept festivals, the Incas,\* and the Amautas,† proceeded by the mere light of nature, to the knowledge of the true Almighty God, whom they called by the name of *Pachacamac*, a word compounded of *Pacha*,‡ and *Camac* § the meaning of which is, that it is the Supreme Being who animates the world.

Being asked who this *Pachacamac* was, they answered that it was he who gave life to the universe, and sustained and nourished all things; but because they did not see him they could not know him; and for which reason, they neither erected temples to him, nor offered sacrifice; but that they worshipped him in their hearts, and esteemed him for the unknown God.

W. G. C.

\* Kings. † Philosophers. ‡ The Universe. § The Soul.

SUMS CREATED BY BILLS OF EX-  
CHANGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

TOTAL Amount of Bills in circulation during the following years :—

1815 .....	£649,921,163
1824 .....	316,362,788
1825 .....	354,405,293
Last half of 1826, and	{ 282,222,305
first half of 1827 ...	

Average Amount out at one time.

1815 .....	£162,480,290
1824 .....	79,090,695
1825 .....	88,601,323
Last half of 1826, and	{ 70,555,576
first half of 1827 ...	

Total Amount in Circulation during the following Five Years.

1835 .....	£405,403,051
1836 .....	485,943,473
1837 .....	455,084,445
1838 .....	465,504,041
1839 .....	528,493,842

Average Amount out at one time.

1835 .....	£101,350,762
1836 .....	121,485,868
1837 .....	113,771,111
1838 .....	116,376,000
1839 .....	132,123,460

¶ From Mr. Leatham's important statement read before the British Association at Glasgow, October, 1840; as given in an admirable notice in No. 1238 of the Literary Gazette.

### The Gatherer.

A tradesman is never too high to fall, and never too low to rise.—*De Foe.*

It is asserted that Dr. Chilton, of New York, has succeeded in causing copper to be precipitated on non-metallic bodies even, by covering the paper with nitrate of silver, and thus obtaining a copper-plate engraving from a mere print of paper.

*New Eastern Zoological Gallery, British Museum.*—This gallery, (300 feet long) containing the passerine, gallinaceous, and wading birds, arranged in a new plan, forms one of the most magnificent rooms ever devoted to a zoological collection. Its appearance is quiet and chaste, fitted up with bronze door-frames, and large panes of plate-glass.

*Travelling in England, 1750 and 1840.*—In the year 1750, a clergyman, coming to London from Devonshire, took leave of his family, made his will, rode on horseback, and was a fortnight on the road. On Monday last, a gentleman came from Birmingham to sit to Haydon for his portrait in the great anti-slavery picture, sat three hours, and returned to his family to tea.

Her Majesty has directed that Mr. Dibdin should receive one hundred pounds out of the Royal Bounty Fund.

*The Physiognomist.*—Stiff hair is sometimes a sign of obstinacy, sleek locks denote patience, a curly head is almost always accompanied with wit and the love of pleasure. Baldness is generally the sign of an active mind, unless, be it observed, the bald man brush his back hair forward to cover the front, this is the mark of a mean and vulgar spirit, or, which is still worse, unless he wear a wig, in which case he must unquestionably be classed among the snobs.—*Charivari.*

*The Journal des Guillotines!*—During the reign of terrorism in France, a speculator was found cynical enough to project and publish a journal, devoted merely to a list of the executed. Of this journal, ten duodecimo numbers, of thirty-two leaves each, were published, and the work is known to modern collectors as the *Journal des Guillotines*.

*An Orange-tree Automaton.*—There has lately arrived from Paris at Burton-Constable, the residence of Lord Clifford, a mechanical orange-tree. The leaves are of bronze, the flowers are of Sèvres porcelain, and the oranges of yellow glass. Seven birds of beautiful plumage sing and fly from branch to branch. There is a nest of young ones, whom the others appear to be feeding. The birds are made to move by mechanism concealed in the trunk of the orange-tree.

*Thought and Action.*—Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to receive God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

*Imperishability of Silk.*—Some years ago, the sexton of the parish of Falkirk, in Stirlingshire, upon opening a grave in the churchyard, found a ribbon wrapped about the bone of an arm, and which, being washed, was found to be entire, and to have suffered no injury, although it had lain for more than eight years in the earth, and had been in contact with a body which had passed through every stage of putrefaction, until it was reduced to its kindred dust.

Perhaps some of our readers may remember, the execution, some years ago, of a poor young man, of the name of Varty, who forged a check in order to enable him to go and study at a foreign university. Eugene Aram was actuated by the same intention; if he did commit the murder, it was to possess himself of money to purchase books. "He looked on the deed he was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to Knowledge, whose Priest he was."

*The Mourner.*  
On gentle Lucy's grassy tomb,  
A sigh will start, a tear will fall,  
Yet why lament your dear one's doom,  
Or mourn a lot, the lot of all?

*The late King of Prussia.*—It is a curious fact that a celebrated fortune-teller, Madame Normand, predicted, when this monarch was at Paris with the allies in 1814, that he would die the twenty-seventh of May, 1840; another had named the twentieth; and yet a third mentioned the thirtieth as the fatal day.

There is an old Spanish proverb, thus translated:—

"If cold wind reach you through a hole,  
Go make your will, and mind your soul."  
and this is no exaggeration.

*The Soda of Egypt.*—Soda, combined with carbonic acid, is found plentifully in the natron lakes in Egypt, of which there are six, about thirty-six miles west of Delta. In summer, spontaneous evaporation takes place, and a bed of natron is left, nearly three feet thick, which is broken up and packed in casks for sale in the European market.

The world does not want good hearts, but regulated minds—not uncertain impulses, but virtuous principles. Rightly cultivate the head, and the heart will take care of itself; for knowledge is the parent of good, not good of knowledge. We are told in scripture that it was the wise men of the East who followed the star which led them to their God.

*Steam-engines.*—The steam-engines in England are computed to perform labour equal to seven millions four hundred and eighty thousand men; and by operating on machinery, equal to one hundred millions of men.

*Memory.*—Unlike Orpheus, we win our Eurydice by looking backwards, and lose our hopes by looking forwards.

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